

A SLAVE FROM BOYHOOD.

(From the Red Wing, Minn., Republican.)

"I am now twenty-four years old," said Edward Swanson, of White Rock, Goodhue County, Minn., to a Republican representative, "and as you can see I am not very large of stature. When I was eleven years old I became afflicted with a sickness which baffled the skill and knowledge of the physician. I was not taken suddenly ill but on the contrary I can hardly state the exact time when it began. The first symptoms were pains in my back and restless nights. The disease did not trouble me much at first, but it seemed to have settled in my body to stay and my bitter experience during the last thirteen years proved that to be the case. I was of course a child, and never dreamed of a child's sufferings in store for me. I complained to my parents and they concluded that in time I would outgrow my trouble, but when they heard me groaning during my sleep they became thoroughly alarmed. Medical advice was sought but to no avail. I grew rapidly worse and was soon unable to move about and finally became confined continually to my bed. The best doctors that could be had were consulted, but did nothing for me. I tried various kinds of extensively advertised patent medicines with but the same result.

"For twelve long years I was thus a sufferer in constant agony without respite, abscesses formed on my body in rapid succession and the world indeed looked very dark to me. About this time when all hope was gone and nothing seemed left but to resign myself to my most bitter fate my attention was called to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Like a drowning man grasping at a straw, in sheer desperation I concluded to make one more attempt—not to regain my health (I dare not to hope so much) but if possible to ease my pain.

"I bought a box of the pills and they seemed to do me good. I felt encouraged and continued their use. After taking six boxes I was up and able to walk around the house. I have not felt so well for thirteen years as during the past year. Only one year have I taken Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I am able now to do chores and attend to light duties.

"Do I hesitate to let you publish what I have said? No. Why should I? It is the truth and I am only too glad to let other sufferers know my experience. It may help those whose cup of misery is as full to-day as mine was in the past."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

New Zealand's Woman Mayor.

Onehunga, New Zealand, a town of about 2,000 population, has had a woman mayor for a year. Mrs. Yates is her name, and she is a middle-aged lady of education and refinement. She was elected to continue the work of her husband, who died while holding the office. Speaking lately of her year's administration of affairs she said: "When I took office, besides our debt of \$5,000, the town had a current debt of between \$700 and \$800. I not only paid off the whole of our current liabilities, but paid \$200 into the sinking fund in reduction of our main debt.

City at the Bottom of the Sea.

The city authorities at Rovigno, on the peninsula of Istria, in the Adriatic sea, have discovered, a little south of the peninsula, the ruins of a large town at the bottom of the sea. It had been observed for years that fishermen's nets were sometimes entangled in what appeared to be masses of masonry of which fragments were brought up from the sea bed. Then a diver declared that he had seen walls and streets below the water, and the authorities of Rovigno decided to investigate. They sent down a diver, who, at the depth of eighty feet, found himself surrounded at the bottom of the sea by ruined walls.

Continuing his explorations, he traced the line of walls, and was able to distinguish how the streets were laid out. He did not see any doors or windows, for they were hidden by masses of seaweed and incrustations. He traced the masonry for a distance of 100 feet, and there he had to stop, for his diving cord did not permit him to go farther. He had proved beyond a doubt that he had found the ruins of a once inhabited town, which through some catastrophe had been covered by the sea. It is probable that these are the ruins of the lost town of Clissa, upon the island of that name, mentioned by Pliny the elder—New York Sun.

Don't Drag Your Feet.

Many men do because the nerve centers, weakened by the long-continued use of tobacco, become so affected that they are weak, tired, lifeless, listless, etc. All this can easily be overcome if the tobacco user wants to quit and gain manhood, nerve power, and enjoy vigorously the good things of life. Take No-To-Bac. Guaranteed to cure or money refunded by Druggists everywhere. Box, free. Address: The Sterling Remedy Co., New York City or Chicago.

A Word to the Married.

The world is not big enough for the successful disagreement of man and wife. They may part, but it is not success; it is failure. Both must carry away the marks of it, and whatever may happen neither is quite as good as before. In spite of divorce laws and all easements of that sort, we have contrived to make a deeply serious business of marriage. We ought to applaud those who succeed in it, because success is so indispensably necessary.

I declare that I am personally grateful to married people who get on conspicuously well. They are a reassuring spectacle in society, and as a part of society, I take comfort in knowing them and am obliged to them for existing.—Scribner.

Some of the loudest advocates of protection for home industry are never engaged in any industry at home.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an A-No. 1 asthma medicine.—W. R. Williams, Antioch, Ill., April 11, 1894.

A man sentenced to be hanged asked for a suspension of public opinion in its stead.

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It was an editor who called on the bartender for a little more inside matter.

BIRTHPLACE OF POTATO.

A Missouri Town Claims the Honor of First Producing It.

Jackson county promises to be famous in history as the birthplace of the Irish potato. Some of the local botanists of Independence have discovered this fact, and have traced the lineage of the vegetable, which is now known to every table in the world as the "Irish potato," back to its birthplace, Little Santa Fe, in the southern part of this county, says Kansas City Star. The botanists give the name of the plant from which the potato grew as "dioscorea batata," and feel confident in their assertion that the history of the potato can be traced back to the town of Little Santa Fe. Dr. Ballard, a well-known botanist and geologist, had in his possession yesterday a plant which he claimed to be a specimen of the "dioscorea batata," found at Little Santa Fe. By tracing the plant back some 300 years the doctor says that undoubtedly the dioscorea batata was the progenitor of the so-called Irish potato. It appears that the aborigines of this section knew the art of propagation of plants by cultivation from their wild state, and by such knowledge produced the tuber now so generally in use and found on every table.

"It is a matter of history," said the doctor, "that the potato was first used as an edible by the Indians near what is now known as Little Santa Fe, Jackson county, Mo. From there it became an article of barter. The edible was so palatable that its use spread rapidly and became common among the Indians in Virginia. The potato fell into the hands of Sir Walter Raleigh in Virginia, who recognized a good thing when he saw it. Sir Walter took it on one of his trips to Europe, and by reason of the soil and climate of Ireland it at once became a staple article of food, hence the name Irish potato."

BIG VESSELS FOR THE LAKES.

They Will, Ere Long, Do the Great Bulk of the Carrying Trade.

Plans already formed settle the question whether lake steamships 400 feet long or upward, with a capacity of carrying 6,000 tons of freight at a load, will be common after the opening of the channels twenty feet deep through all the shallows between Duluth and Chicago, and the ports of Lake Erie. There is no longer a doubt that such monster vessels will rapidly multiply within the next few years, and they are certain to do a great part of the carrying trade of the lakes, perhaps most of it, before the end of the century. The steamships already contracted for and those which are certain to be built before next spring will undoubtedly so far surpass all vessels now in use in ability to make money at low rates for freight that other vessel owners will be forced to follow the pioneers in this latest step forward in the construction of splendid lake carriers. Even an over-supply of tonnage such as is very likely to be the result, will not prevent the work of replacing small craft with steamers of the largest size from going on steadily. In one sense it will hasten the change, says Cleveland Leader. Only the biggest vessels can make money in such seasons of general over-competition for cargoes, and in order to continue the business the owners of old boats must let them go and put in commission steamships equal to any on the great lakes.

Climbing Mont Blanc.

It is an expensive as well as a very tiresome undertaking to ascend Mont Blanc. It costs at least \$50 per person, for by the law of the Commune of Chamouni each stranger is obliged to have two guides and a porter. So far as the danger is concerned, it is now reduced to a minimum, but almost every year the mountain claims a victim. Bad weather is the chief thing feared by the guides, and so swiftly does it come that a cloudless sky may in fifteen minutes turn to a blinding snow-storm which beats you to the ground. Thus it was that some years ago a party of eleven persons perished. Five were found frozen stiff in the snow; the other six still lie buried in the Glacier des Boissons. Forty years is the time allowed for the glacier to yield them up in the valley below.

A French Idea.

In the French market and at the family grocery stores of New Orleans housekeepers desiring to make vegetable soup can, with 5 cents, obtain what is known as a "soup set," consisting of a section of cabbage, a few sprays of parsley, one large potato, carrot and onion.

A Handsome Book Free.

The Colorado Orchard Co. have just issued a handsome illustrated book, telling all about fruit growing by irrigation in the fertile Arkansas Valley of Colorado. Send stamp to W. E. Alexander, secretary, 2 Boston Block, Denver, Colo.

A Denver optician, Dr. B. I. Price, Kiltredge building, has discovered a method to treat the eyes without the use of dangerous drugs. He is treating a large number of people, and instantly relieves the nervousness, etc., which accompany defective eyesight.

A NEWER ECONOMY.

QUAINT OLD COMMUNISTIC TOWN TO BE REFORMED.

Celibacy No Longer an Article of Faith Among the Harmonyites—John Duss and His Wife Leading the Faithful Out of Error's Path.

(Special Correspondence.)

VERY PERSON who ever visited the quaint, Dutch village of Economy will be sorry to hear that the town is to be modernized—or rather that a new town is to be built on the old. What steam launches have done to marvellous Venice, and the whistle and rumble of steam cars to destroy the sacred silence of Jerusalem, the proposed new town of Economy will do for the old town, which just now is like no place else under the sun. Of course we know this is not the age of romance, but the "age of progress," that to be up to date we must be practical and keep a firm heel upon sentiment, and the senior trustee of the Harmony Society, which owns every house in Economy, a village of 300 souls, is a practical man, a progressive man, and may even be called "the new man," since he believes in women to such an extent as to have given them seats in the town council.

This, however, is only one of several



JOHN DUSS, HARMONY, PA.

Innovations made by progressive John Duss, assisted by his equally progressive wife, who reign almost as absolutely over this communistic society as ever did king and queen over an empire.

Economy, as the reading public everywhere knows, is the home of the Harmony Society, one of the most unique and picturesque communistic organizations of its day. The cardinal principle of the society is the community of goods; this from the first has been strictly adhered to. Celibacy was enjoined upon all members and taught by both Father Rapp and Father Henrici, his successor, but their successor, John S. Duss, the present leader, leaves that tenet out of his preaching. When he became the elected head of the Harmony Society he set about a work of reconstruction to suit his modernized ideas and the proposed new town is only the latest added to the list.

The Economy farm land of 300 acres of bottom land on a level with the Fort Wayne railroad, eighteen miles below Pittsburgh and overlooking the Ohio river, as a fine town site is not to be duplicated in Pennsylvania. The old town stands on a plateau, ninety feet above the Ohio—a magnificent tract of 1,200 acres, sloping down to the river just enough to afford natural drainage. A most picturesque village with its houses all set with gable end toward the street, therefore there are no front doors. Paving fences are about each house, wooden latches on each gate, brick pavements throughout the town, each street flanked by cherry trees for shade, and each house ornamented with trellised grape vines, by which blending of the useful and the ornamental we see typified the idea of economy which predominated with the thrifty founder and his followers, and which suggested the name of Economy instead of Harmony, as the settlement in Butler county and another in Indiana



FATHER RAPP.

founded (and later abandoned) by these same Harmonyites, had been called.

And now it is proposed to lay out upon the new site and in vivid contrast to all this bewitching quaintness and simplicity a town on a plan so modern, so grand and at the same time so practical as to embody everything that beauty and utility can possibly have in common. The brag feature is going to be streets, with one exception, that will be 60 feet wide. The sidewalks are to be proportionately wide, and there will be a continuous sward and row of trees on each side between the sidewalk and the curb. The lots are deep enough to allow the houses to be set far enough

back from the street to leave a lawn in front, and this idea will be made obligatory upon builders. One street is planned to be still wider than the 60-foot one. It will run the entire length of the town and be used for stores exclusively.

Surveys have been made and plans prepared for the erection of a proper system of water works, and no pains will be spared to make this new Economy, which will be only thirty minutes from Pittsburgh, a city beautiful. Part of the ground upon which it will stand was purchased by Father Rapp from the grandfather of James G. Blaine. The present Economy occupies historic ground. Mad Anthony Wayne and his followers having camped upon it, leaving behind them a cannon which only a few years ago was sold for old iron by the Harmonyites, who, as their riches would seem to prove, turned everything into money and harbored no sentiment outside of their religious belief.

The main plank in the religious platform of Father Rapp and the early Harmonyites, it may be well to mention here, was a belief that the second advent of the Lord was close at hand, and teachings were, in brief, that all those who would be ready and worthy to meet Him must practice a self-denial of the lusts of the flesh, the pleasures and distractions of the world—hence celibacy and simple living.

It has been said the most important movements in the progress of humanity are controlled by some strong personality, and that in spite of the assertion of philosophical students the effect of the individuality of the leader is often exaggerated and that the great changes which society has made would have come in some form at all events, with or without the one whose name has been made great thereby. It is, nevertheless, true that for the most part history is a series of biographies, and the leader is a factor equally potent with the popular sentiment which calls him into being. Of no one can this be more clearly remarked than of John S. Duss, senior trustee of the Harmony Society, financial and spiritual head, president of the town council, musical director of the Economy Brass Band, which ranks equal to the best in the state; teacher, preacher, scholar, gentleman and philanthropist—a many-sided man, one who impresses the stranger as just what he is—an extraordinary man.

Only 35 years old, yet one cannot tell upon first guess whether he is an old young man or a young-old man, but one could spend a month in the street and not meet another like him. In appearance he is dramatic. His hair, as black and nearly as straight as an Indian's, is worn a trifle long. He is nearly six feet tall and finely proportioned, firmly built and of vigorous constitution. The strength of his character is plainly in evidence in the pose of the head and shape of his prominent aquiline nose, as well as by the shape of his determined mouth, which he wisely does not disguise in a moustache. His face is as smooth-shaven as a priest's. His eyes are a clear, penetrating hazel.



MRS. DUSS, HARMONY, PA.

that can either raise a blister on an enemy or warm the soul of a friend.

When 13 years old he was sent to the Soldiers' Orphans' School at Phillipsburg, Pa. After he had finished there he returned to Economy and there lost his heart. Susanna Creese, the prettiest girl in the village, found it. Love-making was not allowed among the Harmonyites and all thought of marriage was hopeless. Therefore, as much to try to forget Susanna as for the higher education, John Duss next enrolled himself with the students of the Mount Union College, Ohio. While there he received an offer from the State Reform School, of Topeka, Kan., to teach in that institution and thither he went, and was soon followed by Susanna, who had been sent westward with an old lady who had been making a visit to Economy. When she was leaving old Father Henrici, then at the head of the commune, and who understood the unhappy state of affairs between the lovers, jokingly said: "Be sure to see John before you come back, Susanna," and Susanna took him at his word and "saw John," and was married to him and immediately after the ceremony continued on her way with the old lady.

Two months after this the bride and groom met at Alliance, Ohio, where Mr. Duss had prepared a home for them. After six years of married life, and after two children had been born to them they were induced to return to Economy and with their young blood infuse new life into the Harmony Society, which by reason of their being no new additions to the membership was in danger of extinction. There had been no change in the tenets and in uniting with the society they accepted its doctrines and agreed to live according to the new conditions.

Relatives Were Too Eager.

A Portland woman who is advanced in years has some attentive relatives. During a recent illness one relative went to an undertaker and paid all bills for the funeral expenses. The lady is now able to do her own housework.

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